The Haunted House

Every young boy wants to find a treasure.

And Tom did too.

One hot summer day he told Huck about his idea.

"Where can we look for a treasure?" asked Huck happily.

"Robbers put treasure under old trees or in old houses. We can start digging under the old tree on Cardiff Hill. Come on! Let's go!"

The boys went to Cardiff Hill and started digging.

It was a hot day and they dug for a few hours.

"There's nothing under this tree," said Huck.

"I'm hot and tired," said Tom, "Let's go to the haunted house. Nobody lives there."

"But haunted houses have ghosts," said Huck.

"Ghosts only come out at night. It's daytime now," said Tom.

"Well, alright," said Huck.

They went to the haunted house.

It was an old, lonely place.

There was silence all around.

They were both afraid of this strange place.

They entered quietly and looked around.

Everything was old and broken.

No one lived here.

They looked in all the rooms downstairs and upstairs.

But there was no treasure and there were no ghosts.